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SUB SILENT.

By MARY L. RUTHER.
Hush! the night is calm and quiet,
And the sweet moon hangs low;
Silence deep and wide bath power,
And the south wind wanders slow.
Through the casement where the curtain
Faintly rustles to and fro.
Like a spirit softly sighing,
Fills it all the chamber round,
Where the lamp, fading, dying,
Sheds the glow of golden sound,
Hangs above two happy dreamers,
By love's perfect promise crown'd.
Even through the gates of slumber,
To the shadow of rest,
He still clings his love-treasure
Closely, closely to his breast,
With the ardor of a passion
Long denied and long repressed.
With his lips still warm with kisses,
Close and clinging as his own,
Sighing still in happy dreaming,
For his love has been known—
Sweetly, peacefully he slumbers
In the arms about him thrown.
And she gazes at him thinking,
Not of her dreary years—
Only of this life of glory,
Drenched with many doubts and fears,
Over love's frail bridge of rainbows,
Fading in a mist of tears.
Then she nestles still more closely
To the heart so kind and dear,
Whispering, "love me, love me, darling,
All my hope and rest is here,
And without thee, earth is nothing
But a desert cold and drear.
"Oh, that every night my slumbers
Might be so supremely blest,
Bounded by thy dear embraces,
Kissed from passion into rest,
I would ask no better heaven,
Sheltered thus and thus caressed."
Faintly, gently, odorous south wind,
And he goes on peacefully,
Nothing in his slumbering
Shall thy wandering vision greet,
Half as perfect in fulfillment,
Satisfying and complete.

MARIA SAXONBURY.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "VENUS' PRIDE,"
"THE MYSTERY," "THE EARLY YEARS,"
"THE CHANGING," "A LIFE'S
SECRET," &c., &c.
CHAPTER X.—CONCLUDED.

Mr. Janson departed. Mrs. Yorke remained in the boy's chamber, but quitted it for her own at the usual hour for retiring. Before she had begun to undress, her husband followed her to the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Maria was surprised: they never slept with the door locked. "Why have you done that?" she asked. "Because I choose to do it. You can't sail out of the room now, with your tragedy air, and refuse to hear me. Now, Mrs. Yorke, who concocted this moonlight talk to-night? How far did your love-making go in it? Well? Well?" Mrs. Yorke did glance at the door, for it had become a custom with her to leave her husband to himself when the dark, jealous mood was on him, but she knew that she glanced in vain. She was caged. "I will not hear it," she said, bursting into tears. "Why do you treat me so? If this is to continue, I will summon Lady Saxtonbury here, and have a separation arranged. I have been to you a true and faithful wife; you know I have; what man has come upon you that you should level these charges at me?" "You have! I give you credit for it. I never doubted you until we came here, and you renewed your intimacy and friendship with your old lover." "He was no lover of mine," she replied, disdaining not to exaggerate in such a case. "Were you not both weary of me in those old days, you and he, and I choose you. Which was the most favored?" "Janson," coolly repeated Mrs. Yorke. "He was not. You speak in the face of facts, Arthur. married you." "Loving him? But I was rich, and he was poor. Do you remember your last parting with him, the evening he returned from that absurd voyage, where I wish he had been wrecked?" "What parting?" rejoined Maria; but her cheeks burned and her voice faltered. "What parting? Shall I repeat it, though you know every word better than I? Ay, you do! When you told him, with tears, and wails and sobs, that you were miserable, for you had bound yourself to marry me, and you loved him: when you lay passionately in his arms, and welcomed his embraces with a welcome you had never given to mine! I speak of that parting. I witnessed it!" Maria breathed hurriedly. She could not speak. "You did not deceive me, Maria, though you thought you did, for I buried my injuries within me. I had not loved you so passionately. I should have left you to him; and I knew that you pronounced your marriage vows to me with Janson's kisses not cold upon your lips." She raised her head as if to speak but no words came. "It was not a pleasant knowledge for me, your bridegroom; but I never visited it upon you. You are aware I never did. Maria, my love for you was too great. I have loved you, his tone changing to softness, "with a love passing that of man. I was forbearing, and never visited it upon you, save by deeper and deeper tenderness: I forced myself to think of it as piece of girlish folly, and I was beginning to forget. I had nearly forgotten it, Maria, when you came here, and I buried my injuries within me. I had not loved you so passionately. I should have left you to him; and I knew that you pronounced your marriage vows to me with Janson's kisses not cold upon your lips." She raised her head as if to speak but no words came. "It was not a pleasant knowledge for me, your bridegroom; but I never visited it upon you. You are aware I never did. Maria, my love for you was too great. I have loved you, his tone changing to softness, "with a love passing that of man. I was forbearing, and never visited it upon you, save by deeper and deeper tenderness: I forced myself to think of it as piece of girlish folly, and I was beginning to forget. I had nearly forgotten it, Maria, when you came here, and I buried my injuries within me. I had not loved you so passionately. I should have left you to him; and I knew that you pronounced your marriage vows to me with Janson's kisses not cold upon your lips." She raised her head as if to speak but no words came.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."
VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., FEBRUARY 10, 1875. NO. 6.

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"And this night for you to have walked home with him in the moonlight, resting on his arm; you and he, of all people in the world! And I following on your steps later, picturing what that walk had been to you both, in my jealous torment. Maria, I was mad, this night, as I came along, if ever man was, and Janson may be thankful that I did not meet him, for I might have sprung upon him in my anger."
"For shame Arthur! again I say it," she reiterated, indignation rendering her speech firm. "I have never forgotten, by word or look, my own self-respect, since this our meeting with Mr. Janson. Neither has he. I have been to him as your wife, as my children's mother, secure in my position; and he has been to me as to you, the plain family attendant. Do you doubt me still? Will you let me swear to it? I can. Arthur, Arthur! I think you are mad. Let us leave this place if your mania is to continue, and go where we can get other medical advice."
Was Mr. Yorke mad? He was certainly unbalanced. He fell into a storm of sobs and tears, clasping his wife to him, reiterated how passionately he loved her. Maria grew alarmed. She had never seen him like this. Resentment for his groundless suspicion had prompted her to turn scornfully from him; but she did not dare. She only repeated, in a conciliatory tone as she could bring her angry mind to allow, that she had no unworthy thought connected with Mr. Janson. And she spoke truth.

He seemed to believe her. He did believe her. A better spirit came over him; and in the morning when Mr. Janson paid his visit to the child, Mr. Yorke spoke cordially to him, and offered him his hand, a mark of favor he had never condescended to vouchsafe before. But who can put away at will the pang of jealousy? There is not an earthly passion that is less under control. As the days went on, it returned in full force to the unhappy Mr. Yorke, throwing its own jaundice over his sight and hearing. The most innocent movement of his wife or Mr. Janson, wore to him a part to deceive and blind him. If you ever felt the absurd passion of jealousy in its extreme force, you will understand and recognize Mr. Yorke's self-torments. They really did border on insanity.

Mr. Yorke turned his eyes upon his wife, fixedly, steadily. "Was Janson here to-night?" "This afternoon, between four and five. It seemed like night, it was so dark," she answered, equally, but with a slight smile. "I don't know yet whether any one is, he answered with a smile. "But—people tell me I must marry, or lose my practice, for my patients say they will have a family man to attend them, not a bachelor. So I have been looking round about me, and begin to think that Lucy Maskell would be suitable."
Mrs. Yorke laughed. "Oh, Mr. Janson! How coolly you speak! As coolly as you might if you were only going to take on a new surgery boy. These affairs should always be based round with romance."
He shook his head. "Romance died out for me years ago. For one moment their eyes met, perhaps unwittingly; and then both looked determinedly at the fire again."
"I like Lucy Maskell much," he resumed; "so far as liking goes. And I believe—a smile hovered on his lips—"that she likes me."

"Let it take place, then, Mr. Janson. And I earnestly hope you will be happy. Believe me, you both shall have my best prayers and wishes for it," was Mrs. Yorke's answer. She was pleased that Mr. Janson was going to be happy at last, for she knew that she had once tried his heart severely. In the earnestness of her content, she put her hand to his, as he spoke—put it as a single-hearted, honest woman would. And Mr. Janson clasped it, and leaned over towards her and thanked her kindly. What dark shadow was that outside the window, with its face pressed against the pane, as if it would burst in? There was, as the face of a demon, whose eyes glared, and whose teeth glistened. They saw it not; but by their hands met, and Mr. Janson leaned nearer to his companion, a noise, half savage growl, half shriek of defiance, escaped it. They heard that. "What is that sound?" exclaimed Mrs. Yorke, turning towards the window. Nothing was there then.

"Somebody in the road come to grief in the fog," suggested Mr. Janson. "Or a night-bird, probably. Shall I see Leopold now?" Mrs. Yorke opened the room door and called to the child, who came running in. Then Mr. Janson left. "I hope I shall get home," said he jokingly. Maria kept Leopold with her, and the time passed away, and on Thursday he came, and by-and-by, one of the servants came to know if he should serve dinner. "Why, what time is it?" inquired his mistress. "Ever so much past six, ma'am."

There were no more Mr. Janson than there was of Massachusetts, and mingled with these were representatives from nearly every country in Northern Europe. Villages suddenly expanded into cities; towns sprang up on watercourses; magnificent schemes were formed for future aggrandizement; money was abundant and excitement, speculation, and fortune-making were almost the sole pursuits of the masses. Then came the great financial crash of '57. What a change! Speculation collapsed; money disappeared; immigration ceased. In brief, it is difficult to exaggerate the extent and vital character of this revolution. Princes and vicars washed like shadowy dreams. With men rated among the wealthiest it was now a question of meeting maturing obligations or compassing a cherished scheme of the future, but the more urgent one of averting present starvation from their families. Past hopes were put to the plov, stylish equipages disappeared, and expecting fortune-hunters sought by unweaned labor to earn an honest livelihood. In this respect the great mistake of 1857 proved a blessing. The people, thus made wiser, turned instinctively to the unreckoned wealth of the virgin soil, and their labor has had its reward.

CHAPTER XI.
LOST IN THE FOG.
The child grew better; he was getting well; and Mr. Janson's visits were now paid but occasionally. He had taken his leave. His task was done. He was good-humoredly observed, for Master Leo was upon his legs again. Mrs. Yorke mentioned this to her husband in the evening, as an indifferent point of conversation; glad, no doubt, for the sake of peace, to be able to do it. "Left for good, has he?" repeated Mr. Yorke. "Yes. I requested him to send in his account."

This was on Monday. The next day, Tuesday, Mr. Yorke went out for a whole day's shooting. A thing he had not yet done. True, he had gone out shooting several times since the season came in, but only by fits and starts. Out for an hour or two, and back home again; out again for another hour, and back again. Maria understood it all, and she thought, "What a man! He is so good, so kind, so devoted to his wife, and yet he is so jealous, so suspicious, so full of self-torments. They really did border on insanity."

CHAPTER XII.
A PREMATURE DISCLOSURE.
Horror rose to the countenance of Miss Hardisty. It is natural it should so rise when a woman hears of such a crime committed in her vicinity. But what was her look of horror, compared to that overspreading the face of Mrs. Yorke? A living, shrinking horror, which pervaded every line of her features, and turned them to the hue of leaden gray. Suddenly, her thoughts were at work within her, flashing through her brain in quick confusion. "Janson! who said by her side that afternoon! He murdered! Who had done it?"

Mr. Yorke seemed incapable of replying. Her husband spoke up volubly—"Janson was the village surgeon. You heard Leo say he was here to-night. He has been attending Leopold; but I thought had ceased his visits. A fine young fellow. Unmarried."

FROM MINNESOTA.
A CORNERSTONE OF THE EMPIRE STATE OF THE NORTHWEST.
A REGION FREE FROM THE CURSE OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.
A MORAL PARADISE.
Special Correspondence of the HERALD.

THE NATIONAL COLONY.
This enterprise was founded in the spring of 1872, by Dr. A. P. Miller, of the Toledo (O.) Blade, and Prof. F. R. Huntington, of Cleveland, Ohio. The chief town, Worthington, was laid out the year before and a few houses erected. The National Colony is located in Northwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships in Nobles county, Minn., and three and a half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet deep. There are some fifty "lakes" (so the Colony Company would inform inquiring emigrants, but in reality there are only six.) Okabena, Osceola, Indian and Graham being the principal.

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